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- ART. I.—1. *Ricordi d'una Missione in Portogallo al Re Carlo Alberto.* Par LUIGI CIBRARIO. Torino. 1850.
2. *Victor Emmanuel II. et le Piémont en 1858.* Par M. CHARLES DE LA VARENNE. Paris. 1859.
3. *Histoire des Etats Italiens depuis le Congrès de Vienne.* Par M. DE BEAUMONT-VASSY.

To the lovers of Art, and to those in pursuit of health or pleasure, Turin offers fewer attractions than almost any other spot in Italy. If, after crossing the Alps for the first time, we enter the city, a feeling of disappointment steals over us; for, although beautifully situated on the banks of the Po, and encircled by lofty mountains, of which we catch glimpses at the end of each of its broad streets, it is destitute of picturesque buildings, fine churches, and monuments of historical interest. "We smile," says Silvio Pellico, "at the magnificent idea we had formed of Italy, and begin to think that the descriptions of former travellers have deceived us." If, on the other hand, we arrive at Turin from the south, we are met by a cold wind from the mountains, or perhaps by one of those sudden and violent hail-storms which cut off whole crops, sometimes kill the sheep and lambs that are exposed to them, and are so much dreaded by the people of the country, that insurance companies have been formed to relieve the disasters they occasion; and, with such a greeting, we sigh to think

that we have already bid adieu to the balmy skies of fair Italy, —

“ the home
Of all Art yields or Nature can decree.”

But to those who have watched the struggle for regeneration, which, commencing in Piedmont, has now spread throughout the Peninsula, a visit to the capital, which for the last ten years has witnessed the peaceable development of free institutions, and has been the home of all Italians persecuted for their liberal opinions, cannot be devoid of interest. Here, where Cavour has just closed his career, where Elzeglio and Mamiani are now working in the cause of national independence, Balbo, Gioberti, and Rosmini, supported at first by the tacit approval, and at length by the public avowal, of Charles Albert, gave to that cause its first impulse. The image of this unfortunate but heroic prince is before us, as we tread the halls of the palace where for so many years he was forced to submit in silence to the orders of the Austrian Emperor and the insults of his ambassadors, or inspect the library containing the books on military art, which he himself purchased, and the collection of arms, which, with a taste that was hereditary, he took pleasure in forming, — both of which he bequeathed to the state; or, again, as we toil up the steep carriage-way that leads to La Superga, where all that is mortal of Charles Albert now rests. The vicissitudes of his life were not greater, perhaps, than have been those of some other monarchs; but it is the silent suffering of a proud and lofty soul, known to but few while he reigned, that lends an unusual and almost romantic interest to his memory.

From the time when he ascended the throne, his life was perpetually in danger. “ I am placed between the chocolate of the Jesuits and the poniards of the Carbonari,” he said to the Duc d’Aumale; but by nature, as by inheritance, too brave a man to be tormented by physical fear, he doubtless intended by these words to convey his deep sense of the hatred felt for him by the fanatics of the liberal party on the one hand, and of the priestly party on the other. Accused of treachery by the former because of the unfortunate position in which he was placed by the events of 1821, and of irreligion

by the zealots of the Roman communion, he was obliged to postpone the reforms he knew to be necessary, or to introduce them as it were by stealth, always under the *surveillance* of a pitiless master, the Austrian, who held him at mercy in, the name of the treaties of 1815 and the equilibrium of Europe, but in reality by an immense armed force ready at any moment to cross the Ticino. The only Italian prince in Italy, — Italian by heart and by lineage, — Charles Albert was obliged to bear in silence so galling a yoke, and to dissemble, — not that he might reign, but that he might serve his country.

The great national insurrection of 1848 broke the spell by which he was bound; and the man who had chosen for his motto, “*J’attends mon astre*,” unsheathed his sword, determined to accomplish the deliverance of Italy or to perish. He was defeated at Novara; but his heroic bravery and self-sacrifice have immortalized his name, and he died bequeathing to his son and people an example and hopes which have not been thrown away.

Charles Albert was born on the 2d of October, 1798, and was descended from that illustrious warrior, Emmanuel Philibert, the victor of St. Quentin, with whose deeds two of our own historians have made us familiar. His father was the Prince of Savoy-Carignan; his mother a princess of Saxony. At the time of his birth, Italy was already in the hands of the French Republicans, and the king, Charles Emmanuel IV., was obliged to abandon his throne, and, with his family, seek a refuge in the island of Sardinia. The Prince of Carignan, whose position relatively to the reigning branch was analogous to that of Louis Philippe with respect to the elder Bourbons, remained behind, and, espousing the French cause, did not scruple to serve in the National Guard. He soon after removed to France, where he died when Charles Albert was but two years old. The latter began his studies in a college in Paris, and completed them at Geneva, under the care of a Protestant clergyman of considerable merit. He was made a lieutenant in the eighth regiment of dragoons by Napoleon, and before he reached the age of manhood he had witnessed the rise, decline, and fall of that wonderful man. In 1814 he

returned to his own country with the precocious experience gained by this spectacle, and with the hope of succeeding to the crown in default of male heirs. The king then on the throne, Victor Emmanuel I., was a kind-hearted but narrow-minded prince, incapable of comprehending the changes that had taken place in Europe, and the necessity there is in this age that monarchs should consult public opinion, and often yield to it. Instead of retaining the excellent system of legislation and of administration introduced by the French, he suffered his ministers to replace everything on the same footing as in 1798. Exceptional tribunals, cruel penalties, and confiscations were all re-established, and, what was even worse, the king himself interfered in the administration of justice, suspended or annulled criminal suits, inflicted arbitrary penalties, and enforced different degrees of punishment for the aristocracy and for the lower orders, where the crime committed was the same. Men who had served their country in the time of Napoleon, or who had done honor to the Piedmontese name in foreign lands, were set aside, however moderate their opinions, while public offices were given to persons incompetent to the discharge of the duties which devolved upon them, and opposed to any species of reform or progress, simply because they had always upheld the sacred rights of legitimacy. Thus, in a short time, the great majority of citizens felt nothing but dissatisfaction and discouragement at the course pursued by the government, and the young Prince of Carignan, in whose heart the love of justice was innate, and who had admired under the Napoleonic *régime* the system which made all men equal in the eye of the law, and enabled merit to attain to the highest offices, saw with wonder and disgust the labor bestowed in effacing all the beneficial results produced by the French Revolution. His position, however, was a difficult and delicate one. It was natural, and even desirable, that he should show that he sympathized with the popular cause; yet, on the other hand, it ill became the presumptive heir to the crown to criticise the acts of the sovereign to whom he owed allegiance, and above all it was important that he should not excite suspicions which might interfere with his accession to the throne. He wisely endeavored to pursue a middle course. He labored success-

fully to acquire perfect self-control ; his face told no secret which he wished to conceal, and it was only the flash of the eye in moments of intense emotion that betrayed the hidden fire. Firm in the belief that the union of parties was indispensable to the progress of Italy, he endeavored to conciliate men of every shade of opinion, and to conquer every feeling of enmity toward those who were opposed to him, while showing deep gratitude to all who served him well ; and he could say with truth in after years, when speaking of those who had sought to injure him, “ I have never persecuted, nor even reproached, one of them ; and I have shown kindness to almost all.”

To us, who can now look dispassionately at the life of Charles Albert, it is evident how much his strong religious feeling assisted him in this life of self-control and self-forgetfulness ; but, circumstanced as he was, it is not surprising that he should have been accused, both before and after he came to the throne, although not by the same party, of insincerity and double-dealing. It was the misfortune of his life to be thus suspected ; but if in his earlier years he sometimes erred in the line of conduct he pursued, his subsequent career has caused these errors to be forgiven, and made his memory forever dear to his countrymen. While he was by no means a man of uncommon intellect or of varied talents, his zeal for the welfare of his people, which he always preferred to his own, his contempt of all pomp and luxury, his love of glory, and the fervor of his religious faith in this sceptical and prosaic age, raised him not only above the princes who in his time occupied the various thrones of Europe, but above the ordinary level of humanity. The austere dignity of his demeanor inspired respect in all who knew him, and the unvarying courtesy which even in sickness and in pain never deserted him won the affection of those who more frequently approached him. He had naturally a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a disposition to satire, which he taught himself to check, feeling how dangerous it is for a prince to indulge it, and how unfair an advantage it gives him over his inferiors, whom the respect due to royalty and the etiquette of courts prohibit from replying to a sarcasm in a similar strain. His personal habits and tastes were so simple, that on the throne he may be said to have led almost the life of a cenobite.

In 1820, the desire and hope of national independence, although not so general as it has now become, glowed in the hearts of many Italians. There was, it is true, the same diversity of parties which we have since seen, and probably many more secret societies. Of these, the principal was that of the *Carbonari*, which had its origin in Calabria, and thence spread over Italy and Europe. Among its leaders were men of violent passions, destitute of all reverence for either monarchical institutions or religion, and who hated alike kings and priests. These called themselves republicans. Others sought to obtain for Italy a constitution similar to that promulgated in Spain in 1812, which admitted but one legislative body, and made the king a mere puppet in its hands. The greater number, however, wanted a constitution on the model of those of France and England, and a war against Austria which would drive her from the Peninsula. Many officers of the army, and particularly those in the artillery, cherished the latter design; and to the Prince of Carignan, himself Grand-Master of the Artillery, they confided their hopes. With the rashness natural to youth, they neglected to inquire whether the country was equal to such a struggle, or whether, in the event of a war, they could count upon Lombardy. They knew that their king was at heart unfriendly to Austria, and they thought that he could easily be persuaded to the attempt to wrest Lombardy from them. But Victor Emmanuel had pledged himself at the Congress of Laybach not to grant a constitution, and he was too honest a man either to break the word then given to the sovereigns, or, yielding, as some other monarchs have done, to the exigencies of the moment, take back at the first convenient opportunity the constitution thus granted. He abdicated, therefore, on the 13th of March, 1821, appointing the Prince of Carignan regent of the kingdom. Although the Duke of Genoa, the brother of the king, was not mentioned in the act of abdication, the crown naturally devolved upon him; but he was absent from Turin, and Charles Albert, in spite of his youth and inexperience, was thus forced upon the stage. Beset by the clamors of the revolutionists, and listening to the advice of some of the leading men of Turin, he consented to proclaim the Spanish Constitution, with

some slight alterations, on the express condition that the new king, Charles Felix, should give it his approbation. But Charles Felix, as is well known, disapproved of all that had taken place; refused even to carry out the reforms on which his predecessor, in conjunction with some of the most distinguished men in the country, had determined; punished several of those who had taken part in the popular movement, deprived others of their offices and honors, and sent into exile some, who, like the celebrated Santa Rosa, were men of the highest integrity and talent.

Such were the bitter fruits of the insurrection of 1821, and no one suffered more severely from them than the youthful Prince of Carignan. Deeply convinced that a *military* insurrection could never be justified, he hastened, while the power was yet in his hands, to grant an amnesty to those who had taken part in it; and this, which one might have thought would have proved the real interest he took in the insurrectionists, was looked upon by them as a proof that he had deserted them. He was also severely blamed for laying down at the feet of the legitimate heir to the throne the authority with which he had been temporarily invested. So much does political passion blind men to what is really fair, just, and honorable. But if Charles Albert incurred the displeasure and hatred of the party which had claimed him as one of their number, and which, forgetting what he owed either to his sovereign or to his own position as future king, would have had him rush into certain ruin, he became from that time no less obnoxious to the party of the court, the defenders of all the abuses of the *ancien régime*, and to the Austrians. With the exception of a few personal friends, among whom were Cesar Balbo and General della Marmora, who remained faithful to him through good and evil fortune, he led from that time till his accession to the throne a sad and isolated life. But if misfortune and the injustice of his countrymen saddened, they did not embitter him, and from his own words we learn how he felt toward his enemies. In 1839 he wrote as follows:—

“Eighteen years have passed since the events of 1821. I cannot but think that, passion having had time to calm, truth may have emerged from amidst the calumnies of every kind engendered by party

spirit, private interest, and disappointed vanity; I cannot but think that a judgment according to the spirit of the Lord has succeeded to erroneous opinions. If it be not so, I will not seek to vindicate myself. I could not do so without speaking ill of many, without revealing many human weaknesses. I will preserve the *impassible* attitude I have adopted; my heart contains no rancor against any one; my mouth will never utter a word of reproof unless compelled by duty. God grant that I may only have to praise those who have been most violent against me. Blessing the hand of God in all the events of life, that which I now write, I write only to state some facts personal to myself, from which the reader may deduce any consequences he pleases. I have been accused of *Carbonarism*! I confess that I should have been more prudent had I constantly kept silent as to the events which were taking place before me, had I not blamed the judicial and administrative forms which governed us; but these opinions of my youth have grown and strengthened within me, and after coming to the throne I exerted all my endeavors to direct them for the good of our country, by founding a powerful government resting on laws just and equal for all in the sight of God, putting it out of the power of royalty to commit serious errors and injustice; causing it to give up henceforth the custom of interfering in matters which ought to be left exclusively to the jurisdiction of the tribunals; establishing an administration above intrigue or personal considerations, filled with the spirit of wise and constant progress; promoting every species of industry; honoring and rewarding merit in whatever class it may be found; organizing an army capable of sustaining gloriously the national honor and independence; introducing into the administration of the finances such system and economy, such integrity and such severity, that it may be in our power to begin great things, and at the same time to lighten the burdens of the people; in short, so ordering public affairs that full and entire liberty may be enjoyed by all, except those who should wish to do evil."

The King then goes on to show how absurd it is to suppose that he, a Christian prince and heir to the throne, should have leagued himself with the enemies of religion and of the monarchy, and adds: —

"I was accused of conspiring. I confess that it would have been more prudent, considering my extreme youth, had I remained silent when those around me spoke of war, of the desire to extend the states of the King, of contributing to the independence of Italy, of obtaining, at the price of our blood, such an extension of territory as might consolidate the happiness of our country; but these aspirations of a young

soldier even my gray hairs cannot belie! I feel that till my latest breath my heart will throb more quickly at the words of Italy and independence from the foreign foe."

It was not till 1830 that the Prince of Carignan was restored to the favor of King Charles Felix. On the 27th of April, 1831, he succeeded him, and from that moment began the practical application of those principles which in his early years he had espoused.

We must not imagine, however, that the reforms which he considered necessary were easily carried out. Austria, who, to use the expression of M. de la Varenne, "scented her most dangerous foe in him," had used every exertion to exclude him from the throne, and to induce Charles Felix to name an Austrian Archduke as his successor. Having failed in this, she determined at least to prevent the establishment of free institutions in his kingdom. Within the walls of his own palace Charles Albert was as narrowly watched as ever was the inmate of an Austrian dungeon. His own Minister of the Interior said: "Austria does not trust him; she knows him better than he supposes: he is well watched. *We* know what he is doing at all times, in all places; *we* know to whom he writes, from whom he receives letters, with what persons he communicates; and he may be assured that, at the first blunder he commits, Radetzki will appear with an army, and he will be compelled to abdicate." Thus the King was made to feel that by the will of the Emperor, not by his own, his states were to be governed. The requirements of the Austrian ambassadors were, however, usually couched in language which became their position and his own; but Prince Felix Schwarzenberg (afterward the Prime Minister of Francis Joseph), who represented Austria at Turin, became so insolent, at the beginning of 1848, in his demeanor and words, that the King was obliged on one occasion to order him to leave his presence. The French government, on the other hand, had, during the Restoration, shown considerable sympathy with the Prince of Carignan, and had formally declared that his exclusion from the throne would bring about the event Prince Metternich so much dreaded,— "the general insurrection of Italy at the sight of a French army, which, in that case, would

appear upon the Alps." But from the government of Louis Philippe, determined to preserve peace at all hazards, and unwilling to forfeit the good-will of Austria, he received no support. Among his own subjects were few, as we have seen, who appreciated the difficulties of his position or his personal aims. Giusti, the great satirical poet of modern Italy, denounced the "esecrato Carignano" in poems, the printing of which was prohibited, but of which manuscript copies were freely circulated, finding their way even to the table of the great and powerful whom they attacked, and Giusti's opinions were at that time shared by all the disciples of "Young Italy." Around the King were men who, believing that he was secretly pledged to liberalism, suspected his every word and action,—men either sold to German interests, or so imbued with the prejudices of caste and the bigotry of ultra Catholicism as to be incapable of distinguishing between the reforms which the age requires, and which, as we now see, may be accomplished in Italy as successfully as in more northern climates, and the anarchy and excesses of the French Revolution. They would not suffer him to assemble the "provincial councils," as he was desirous of doing, in order to accustom his people to a constitutional government, and years passed before it was in his power to carry out this intention. He determined to introduce the Code Napoleon into his states; but six years elapsed before he succeeded in so doing, although the slight changes made in it to adapt it to the Sardinian people certainly did not render such a delay necessary. The abuses of clerical power were very numerous, and the assumption of authority on the part of the priesthood unjustifiable; but the slightest hint at remedying the former or opposing the latter was met by the charge of irreligion and of the attempt at persecution, although there has been no prince of our time more deeply imbued with religious faith, or more sincere in all the practices of devotion required by the church of which he was a member. His naturally good sense showed him that political progress was not incompatible with religion, and nothing gave him more pain than to have this doubted.

"I believe," he wrote in 1840, "that, in order to please God, we

must take advantage of all the discoveries and of all the progress he allows to be made in science and in art, and turn them to the benefit of nations and the progress of society. I also believe that a government ought to be powerful in order to protect religion, to defend its nationality, and cause it to be respected, — in order that the laws should be obeyed and the good shielded from the attacks of the wicked; but, on the other hand, I think that it ought to give to the people every advantage in its power, and enable the land-owners to participate as much as possible in the administration of their province. In one word, my opinion is that a monarchical government which acts wisely will always show itself progressive in all that is right, and give to the people every liberty, except that of doing harm.”

Notwithstanding the difficulties he encountered, Charles Albert persevered in his endeavors to improve the condition of his states. Solicitous that justice should be tempered by mercy, and that an attempt should be made to reform the guilty, he established penitentiaries at Oneglia and Alessandria, and houses of correction near Turin. He likewise opened alms-houses and built a hospital for lepers, from the proceeds of his private revenue. His management of the finances was so judicious, that he was enabled to diminish the taxes, and to lay aside enough to construct the fortresses of Vinadio and Ventimiglia, to complete the fort Du Bard, to begin some railroads, to build several bridges, and to light the cities with gas. These improvements, which would seem simple enough in France or England, — to say nothing of our own country, — were so many conquests over ignorance and prejudice in Italy, where everything had remained stationary for so many years. The King also turned his attention to properly rewarding men distinguished in the arts, science, and literature; he concluded a treaty with Austria, Tuscany, and Rome, to insure literary property; and he collected within his own palace a good library, a fine set of medals, and the best collection of arms and ancient armor to be found in Italy. He had a decided taste for historical research, — a study always so necessary to the statesman, — and the archives of the kingdom, which had been hitherto jealously kept from the public, were now laid open to all who wished to consult them. The army had been much

neglected by Charles Felix, almost the only prince of the house of Savoy wholly destitute of warlike spirit; but Charles Albert determined to form one worthy of the ancient glory of Italy, and succeeded, at least in some measure, in so doing.

Years passed on, and still the Austrians held dominion over the Lombardo-Venetian territory, and the princes of the Peninsula still obeyed their dictates. The cannon was still loaded on the Piazza at Milan, Charles Albert was a prisoner in his own palace, and so natural is it for man to resign himself to whatever seems inevitable, that the fate of Italy had ceased to excite much sympathy or interest. Madame de Staël, in the eloquent pages of *Corinne*, had spoken only of her past greatness, in contrast to her present degradation and ruin, and successive travellers, losing all pity for the sorrows of a great nation, in their irritation at petty annoyances and dishonesty, agreed in saying, that, if the governments of the Peninsula were bad, they were no worse than her people deserved. Even Byron, deep as was his admiration for the great men of Italy, both of former ages and of his own, had said,

“ Nations melt

From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt

The sunshine for a while, and downward go,

Like lauwine loosened from the mountain's belt ”;

and the world, although in more prosaic terms, echoed this idea. But in 1834 a work appeared, which, translated first into French, and afterward into other languages, was eagerly read by the whole Christian world, and excited universal indignation against the narrow and stupid tyranny which could condemn to fifteen years of *carcere duro* a man whose talents, learning, and piety entitled him to so much respect and admiration. The very spirit in which *Le mie Prigioni* was written increased the interest felt for Pellico and his fellow-sufferers, and prepared the public mind, perhaps unconsciously, for sympathy with the Italian patriots. In 1838, Count Cesar Balbo published his famous work, *Le Speranze d' Italia*. The views expressed in it, then novel, but afterward advocated by Cavour in the journal *Il Risorgimento*, founded by him in 1849, are those now generally

entertained by all true Italians. To drive the Austrians from the Peninsula was the first task he proposed to his countrymen; the next, to establish free institutions. Balbo's high rank and standing, and his position as a personal friend of Charles Albert, gave great weight to his work, the success of which was immense. It was soon in the hands of every statesman and diplomatist in Europe, and may be said to have first aroused the leaders of public opinion to the conviction that the fate of Italy was not sealed, and that she might yet aspire to take her place among the great nations of modern times. The works of Gioberti and Rosmini, appearing nearly at the same time, were, perhaps, intellectually more remarkable than that of Balbo, but less likely to be generally read. Their endeavors to show that Catholicism and liberty might be reconciled and act in concert, marked, however, a new era in the treatment of what is now called "the Italian Question."

In 1846, the election of Pius IX.—who as Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti had given proofs of his liberal views, and whose private character was unimpeachable—was the signal for general rejoicing throughout Italy. At length a pontiff was found who united the burning heart of a patriot to the blameless life of a Christian bishop. The hopes of the Italians rose; from all parts of Europe exiles returned to mingle their aspirations with those of their fellow-countrymen, and, with the enthusiasm peculiar to their race, almost to deify the man who now wore the tiara. But there was no one in all Europe who more heartily rejoiced in the new election than Charles Albert. Deeply imbued with the belief that liberty and religion should go hand in hand, he eagerly welcomed the idea that from the Vatican itself should emanate the measures that were to regenerate Italy.

The Revolution of 1848, by overthrowing the government of Louis Philippe, and establishing a republic in its place, hastened events in Italy. The King of Naples, either actuated by jealousy of Charles Albert, or by fear that the example set by the French might be followed in his own states unless he granted what he knew to be the desire of his subjects, gave to his people a very liberal charter. Charles Albert, who during

the preceding year had enlarged the liberty of the press, and had prepared the way for a constitution, granted that known as the "Statuto" on the 4th of March, "with the affection of a father and on the honor of a king."

Austria, having menaced in vain, and being disposed neither to follow the example of the above-named princes nor to relinquish her hold on her Italian provinces, marched into the Duchies, and occupied Ferrara. The indignation of Italy rose to its highest point, and Charles Albert offered to send his fleet to the shores of the Romagna, and in every way to lend his assistance to the Holy Father, whose cause he declared he would never desert. Unfortunately, the Pope was soon led to fear that he had gone too far in granting to the Roman people liberties of which the demagogues seemed inclined to make so bad a use. The idea of being the cause of bloodshed was abhorrent to him, and after allowing the departure of a corps of twelve thousand men for Naples, where a general insurrection had broken out, he issued a document, in which he said that, as a spiritual sovereign, he could not participate in the bloody conflicts which were about to take place. This measure was followed by the resignation of the ministry, which, at the popular request, was succeeded by one composed entirely of laymen. But the time had come when every concession made by the Papal government emboldened its enemies to hope for further victories. Neither the liberal ministry of Mamiani, a man of birth, education, and refined and amiable character, the sincerity of whose opinions had been tested by years of exile, nor the wise constitution framed by that eminent man, Pellegrino Rossi, could long satisfy those who, from the first, had aimed at the total overthrow of the Papal power. On the 15th of November, 1848, the day on which the Roman Parliament opened, Rossi was publicly assassinated, as he was about ascending the staircase of the Palace of the Cancellaria, where the Legislative Assembly held its sittings. He had been warned of his danger; but either from the natural magnanimity which would not allow him to believe in the intention of so foul a crime, or because he thought it his duty to risk even life itself in the cause he had espoused, he refused to listen to those who attempted to dissuade him from going out that day. When he reached the

piazza before the palace, he was saluted by the cries and hisses of the populace, but smiled disdainfully as he passed on. The conspirators closed around him as he reached the peristyle, but, still undismayed, he was attempting to push his way through them, when some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned proudly, as if to demand the reason, when the assassin, by a well-directed blow at his throat, gave him a mortal wound. He lived but a few minutes, and so great was the apathy or the aversion of the crowd, that the Duc d'Harcourt, then French Ambassador at Rome, states, in a despatch to his government, that it was with difficulty that Rossi's servant could find a person to assist him in transporting his unfortunate master to the private apartments of a cardinal, and that the Assembly continued its sitting without taking the least notice of the bloody deed that had been perpetrated on its threshold. The following day the streets of Rome were filled with the soldiers of the Civic Guard, who, fraternizing with the people, marched with them to the Quirinal, and attempted to dictate to Pius IX. the measures they wished him to adopt. The Pontiff nobly replied, that he could not deliberate under "the rule of force." At this unexpected token of firmness, the anger and excitement of the crowd became intense; the Swiss Guards were insulted, threatened, and driven within the palace gates; the Pope's secretary, Monsignor Palma, who was at one of the windows, was shot, and the Pope himself might have fallen a victim to the passions of the multitude, had he not determined, under the pressure of circumstances, to dismiss his ministers, and to refer the other demands of the people to the Chambers. The Republican party triumphed; but their triumph was of short duration, and proved fatal to the Italian cause. The Pope fled to Gaeta, and invoked the aid of the great Catholic powers of Europe. General Cavaignac was then at the head of the French government. He had repressed with great energy the socialist movements in France, and he now gave orders that five thousand men should immediately embark for the Papal States, to protect the personal liberty and security of the Pope, and to escort him to France should such a measure become necessary. A few months later, Louis Napoleon reopened the gates of Rome to the Pontiff, at the same time urging upon him, as he has

never ceased to do, the necessity of reforms. We have given this rapid sketch of the events which took place at Rome, because they had so serious an influence on the fortunes of Charles Albert, by depriving him of the moral support he might otherwise have received from the Papal government.

Early in March the news of the insurrection at Vienna emboldened the Milanese to rise against the Austrians, and, after a bloody conflict of several days, Radetzki was obliged to evacuate the city. At Venice, the same news produced the same result. On the 18th of March, a multitude rushed to the prisons, and, liberating two illustrious citizens, Tommaseo and Manin, carried them in triumph through the streets; and on the 20th, the people, finding that the constitution promised by the Emperor, at the last moment, in the hope of saving his Italian provinces, had not been even officially announced by the authorities, attacked the arsenal, and demanded its immediate surrender. Count Zichy, the military commandant of the town, had ample means of defence, but he was a Slavonian, a man of humane disposition, and had lived twenty-five years in Italy. He preferred to capitulate rather than cause so much useless destruction and misery. "I might deluge your streets with blood," he said to the Venetian delegates, "but I will not do it. In abandoning Venice, I am perhaps signing my own death-warrant, but remember that I have paid my debt of gratitude to Italy, and when you curse the soldiers of Austria, except my name!" A provisional government was immediately formed, with Manin at its head, and the Republic of St. Mark was proclaimed, but with the condition that this act should be "subordinate to the general interest of the Peninsula."

The people of Milan, conscious that the victory they had gained could not be lasting, unless the other Italian cities and states lent their co-operation, now invoked their aid, and especially that of Piedmont, their warlike and patriotic neighbor. To this appeal Charles Albert replied in the following words:—

"People of Lombardy and of Venice! We come to bring you that assistance which brother owes to brother, and friend to friend. We confide in the protection of God, who has visibly espoused our cause, who has given Pius IX. to Italy, and whose wonderful goodness will

enable her to work for herself. And to prove by visible signs how powerfully the feeling of Italian unity reigns in our heart, we now command that our troops, on entering the Lombardo-Venetian territory, shall bear the scutcheon of Savoy on the Italian *tricolor*."

On the 29th of March the Piedmontese army crossed the Ticino and entered Pavia, amidst demonstrations of indescribable enthusiasm. Ten days afterward, the first engagement took place between the Piedmontese and Austrian armies at Goito, a village between Mantua and Peschiera. The Piedmontese army, officered by men who had shared the campaigns of the French Empire, or by young and impetuous nobles, trained to the profession of arms, fought bravely, and, admirably seconded by the now famous "Bersaglieri," compelled the Austrians to retire, which they did, after blowing up one of the arches of the beautiful marble bridge which crosses the rushing waters of the Ticino, in order to prevent pursuit. But General Bara, re-establishing the communication thus cut off, followed them, and soon two other victories were gained by the Piedmontese.

The Austrian army, however, was powerful, and Radetzki was bent on success; heavy rains prevented Charles Albert from bringing forward his artillery, and the intense heat, together with the want of provisions and particularly of water, rendered the sufferings of his soldiers so great that they became disheartened, especially as it was now evident that no foreign aid was to be hoped. Russia and Prussia had from the first expressed the strongest disapprobation of the war; England, who in the beginning had lavished praise and encouragement on Charles Albert, now recoiled from the consequences of his acts; and the French Republic, strange as it may appear, showed no willingness to support so noble a cause, and treated with total neglect the envoys sent from Venice and the other Italian cities; while General Cavaignac openly declared that France was not disposed to quarrel with Austria for the sake of Italy!

Meanwhile, the King of Naples had revoked the Constitution which he had previously granted, had recalled the troops which he had sent, against his secret inclinations, to the assistance of Northern Italy, and had effectually quelled all attempt at revolution in his dominions on *terra firma*. It was under such circumstances, and with an army worn by fatigue and priva-

tion, that Charles Albert arrived before Milan, and encamped beneath its walls, having declared that he would never set foot within them till he had driven the Austrians beyond the Alps. He soon discovered, however, that to defend the city was impossible, and he resolved once more to sacrifice all personal considerations to the good of his country. He entered the city, and signed a capitulation with Radetzki, hoping by his presence and the respect felt by the Marshal for his rank, his courage, and the successes of the campaign, to obtain the best terms possible for the unhappy Milanese. That the excitement of the moment made the conduct pursued by Charles Albert the occasion of bitter invective, is not to be wondered at; neither, that the calumnies by which he was assailed in 1821 should now be revived. Subsequent events have shown that he could not have acted otherwise. The seeds of discord had been sown among the Lombards. If some among them were ready to die in the national cause, there were others who sought their own ends rather than the public good, and who would have thwarted his best endeavors in the hour of need. Besides, the city was not prepared for such a defence as it must have made, and to attempt it would have been certain ruin. Radetzki promised that Milan should be spared; that two days should be allowed for removing the wounded, and that all persons who wished to leave the city during that time should be unmolested. Three fourths of the population availed themselves of this permission, and left the city with the last column of the Piedmontese. No sooner had Charles Albert crossed the frontier, than he addressed the following proclamation to his people.

“People of the kingdom! The independence of Italy compelled me to war with Austria. The valor of my troops made us for a time victorious. Neither my sons nor myself shrank from danger, the justice of our cause heightened their courage and mine. But the smile of fortune soon forsook us. The enemy received numerous reinforcements, and my troops, left to fight alone, and without provisions, were obliged to abandon the positions they had occupied and the provinces they had restored to liberty. I retired on Milan, in order to defend that city; but my army, exhausted by fatigue,—for valor has its limits,—was not prepared to encounter new battles. It was impos-

sible to sustain a siege in Milan; money, ammunition, and provisions were wanting. We might, perhaps, with the assistance of the inhabitants have held out a few days, but only to bury ourselves beneath the ruins of the city, without hope of vanquishing our enemies. It was then that, with the consent of the Milanese, I began to negotiate with the foreigner. I am aware of the accusations by which it has been sought to tarnish my fair fame. I call upon God to bear witness to the sincerity of my motives, and leave to history the care of justifying them. A truce of six weeks has been concluded; in the interval I shall obtain an honorable peace, or war shall recommence. My heart has always throbbed for the independence of Italy, but Italy has not yet showed the world what she can do for her independence. People of the kingdom, show yourselves strong in this first reverse; make a good use of the liberal institutions you enjoy. You have made known your wishes to me; I have not only acceded to them, but am firmly resolved to remain faithful to my promises. I have not forgotten the acclamations with which you saluted me at my departure. Amidst the din of battle they still resounded in my ears. Have confidence in your king; the cause of Italian independence is not lost."

Thus ended the first campaign against Austria. It has been thought that, had Charles Albert pressed forward more rapidly, instead of attempting to capture the strong fortresses of the Austrians one by one, the result would have been different. This is, however, a question which none but military men are competent to decide, and they would probably be ready to admit that Charles Albert, as modest as he was brave, might be pardoned some hesitation in presence of so distinguished a general as Radetzki, and that the true reason of his failure was the fact that the time for the emancipation of Italy had not yet come. Neither public opinion in Europe nor public opinion in Italy was ripe for so great a change. It was in vain that the cry, "*Fuori i barbari!*" was heard throughout Lombardy, while local prejudices and party passions fomented feelings of jealousy and suspicion toward the Piedmontese. Piedmont herself had not yet given proof of that wisdom nor displayed those resources she afterward developed, and if the North of Italy was not firmly united, what could be hoped from the middle and southern provinces? During the twelve years that have since elapsed, Italy has learned that in unity only can be found national independence and a better order of

things, and Piedmont has shown the world that free institutions are not incompatible with the Italian character ; while the cabinets of Europe have come at length to acknowledge the fallacy of Prince Metternich's oft quoted remark, "Italy is henceforth only a geographical expression." Charles Albert, however, was not destined to witness this great regeneration, of which he and his friends had sown the seeds. On the 14th of March, 1849, the Minister Ratazzi announced to the Chamber of Deputies of Turin that hostilities were about to recommence. The principal grievance of which he complained was the violation of the armistice concluded by Austria with Sardinia, at the time of the retreat of the Piedmontese army. The Chamber received this announcement with enthusiastic applause, little foreseeing that Radetzki, in the consciousness of his superior strength, would rejoice even more than they at the renewal of a war in which he knew that he must triumph. Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed, when the Piedmontese, after successfully resisting a first sudden attack of the Austrians at La Sforzesca, were defeated by them at Mortara, and, a few days later, at Novara. This town is situated on a rising ground, in the midst of fertile fields of maize, planted with mulberry-trees. It was once well fortified, but nearly all the fortifications have disappeared, and the ramparts, which command a fine view of Mount Rosa, now covered with green turf and shady trees, form a pleasant walk for the inhabitants of the town. The cathedral is a building in the early Lombard style, the mosaic pavement of which was probably laid in the ninth or tenth century, and it is interesting as representing the stork, the pelican, and other early Christian emblems.

It was in the immediate neighborhood of Novara that, on the 23d of March, the Austrians, who numbered sixty or seventy thousand men, attacked the Piedmontese, commanded by Charles Albert in person. The battle lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning till evening ; the Piedmontese fought bravely, and the King with his two sons displayed heroic courage. But valor was of no avail against numbers. Retreat became unavoidable ; but even then the Italians retired slowly and without confusion, while the balls fell around the King in such numbers that his aid, General Durando, seizing the bri-

dle of his horse, compelled him to turn to the left, in order to screen himself in some degree, and thus enable the troops to retire with less interruption. When they had all defiled, he turned to his aid and said: "The battle is lost, hopelessly lost; let us return to Novara; I will remain in the camp until night, and until the whole army shall have retired. Then you shall bring the Minister Cadorna to me."

Before re-entering the city, he sent General Cossato to Marshal Radetzki, to ask for an armistice. Toward nine o'clock the General returned, bringing conditions which it was impossible for the King to accept. Charles Albert then sent for two of his generals, and for the Minister Cadorna, told them of the conditions demanded by the Austrians, questioned Cossato minutely as to the probable causes of the conqueror's harshness, and then asked if it would be possible to retire upon Alessandria. On learning that the road to Vercelli was occupied by the Austrians, and that it would be impossible at that moment to assemble even eight thousand men determined to cut a passage through the enemy, he remained for a few moments lost in thought, and then said: "I have determined to abdicate. I will not accept dishonorable terms. Perhaps the Marshal will be more reasonable with my son." Being entreated by those around him not to take so important a step rashly, Charles Albert replied: "All you say is in vain. My resolution is irrevocable." It was urged that General Cossato should return to the enemy's camp, to inform Marshal Radetzki of the King's abdication, and to solicit other terms as the basis of an armistice. On leaving the King's apartment, Cossato declared that he could not assume the responsibility of treating alone with the enemy, and after some hesitation Signor Cadorna agreed to accompany him; and so unexpected had been the King's announcement of his intention to abdicate, that it was only then they recollected that it was necessary they should confer with the new monarch before starting on their errand. They therefore returned to the presence of Charles Albert, to whom they communicated their wishes, and, after a brief conference with Victor Emmanuel, took their way to the Austrian camp.

The King soon afterward summoned his aids, and repeated

to them what he had previously said to the other gentlemen. They entreated to be allowed to accompany him wheresoever he might go ; but he, thanking them, begged them to desist from their entreaties, adding, " The life that I intend to lead is such as I can share with no one." Then, embracing them affectionately, he retired to prepare for his journey.

About midnight on the 23d of March, 1849, the ex-king, accompanied only by two servants, left Novara with a military passport furnished by the commandant of the town, in which he was designated as the Count de Barges. He had been on the road but an hour when he reached an Austrian post, where his life was for a moment in great danger. A corps of the enemy's troops had been stationed at a farm, and was protected by a battery. The officer in command, hearing amidst the silence and darkness of night the distant sound of Charles Albert's carriage-wheels, supposed it to proceed from a Piedmontese train of artillery, and ordered the cannon to be pointed in that direction. The matches were lighted, and the fatal order was about to be given, when he discovered his mistake. Approaching the carriage, he then inquired who it was that ventured to pass through an enemy's army without escort. He was told that it was the Count de Barges, a colonel of the Piedmontese army, charged with an extraordinary mission. Not satisfied with this reply, the officer caused the carriage to drive into the court-yard of the farm, there to await the orders of General Thurn. It was five o'clock before the General came. He inquired of the traveller if he had no regular passport, or permit to traverse the Austrian army, but the King could show only the passport given him by the commandant of Novara. He was requested to leave his carriage, and was shown into a room, where he was interrogated. He replied with his usual dignity and elegance of manner. He entered into the details of the battle. He praised the strategical movements of the Austrians, stated that their victory was complete, but that the Piedmontese had fought bravely, and repeated several times that the honor of the Piedmontese army was intact. Thurn and his officers were struck by the noble aspect and language of the traveller, and were disposed to think him a diplomatist as well as a military man. Thurn offered him a

cup of coffee, which he accepted ; but, not feeling certain that he was either a Piedmontese or the person he represented himself to be, was reluctant to permit him to depart. At length a Piedmontese *bersagliere*, who had been taken prisoner, having been asked if he knew the traveller to be the Count de Barges, instantly recognized the King ; but guessing as quickly that he wished to remain unknown, he replied in the affirmative, and at eight o'clock in the morning Charles Albert was able to resume his journey.

Passing through Vercelli, he reached Casale at noon, and found himself in the midst of a column of Austrians, who were preparing to assault that city. The King told them that an armistice had been signed ; but they had not been officially informed of it, and the cannonading began while he was still within hearing. At Nice, he went to the Carmelite Convent del Laghetto, where he heard mass, confessed, and received the Holy Communion, it being Passion Sunday, and then, obtaining another passport from General Olivieri, the commandant of the town, he was escorted by that officer and the Count de Santa Rosa to the bridge across the Var, which then formed the boundary between France and Italy, where they took a sad farewell of him. At Antibes, he was overtaken by Count Castagnetto, for many years his faithful and devoted servant, who vainly entreated to be allowed to join him. The French commandant of the town also made him the most generous offers of service, and is said to have even shed tears at so striking an example of misfortune and self-sacrifice.

Rapidly traversing the South of France, he entered Spain, where two Piedmontese noblemen joined him, having been commissioned to ascertain whether he persisted in his determination ; and, the King having replied in the affirmative, a public notary was summoned, and ordered to draw up an act by which, in the simplest terms, he declared his settled determination to abdicate. In all the Spanish towns through which he passed he was received with military honors ; and, notwithstanding the fatigue of the journey and the indisposition under which he was laboring, he replied with his usual courtesy to every mark of respect that was shown him. In many places, the enthusiasm and reverence felt for the warrior and the

reformer were such, that the inhabitants of the towns dropped on their knees as he passed, or, seizing his hands, and even his garments, raised them to their lips. Adhering to his simple habits, he declined every luxury that was offered to him. The roads in Portugal were in so bad a condition, that he was obliged to send his carriage to Oporto by sea, and to proceed on horseback. He at length reached that city, where he received a warm welcome from the authorities, and, after passing a few days there, he removed to a suburban villa, which, although very unpretending, stood in a fine garden, and commanded beautiful views of the river and of the sea. Near the garden gate was a tower, where the Governor of Oporto insisted on stationing a guard, notwithstanding the King's repugnance to every honor which recalled his former condition. The house consisted of two stories, and about twenty rooms of various sizes, furnished decently, but without any attempt at luxury. The staircase was of wood, not of stone or marble, as is usual in the South of Europe. On the right, after ascending, was the chapel; on the left, a small room, where those persons who sought an audience were accustomed to wait; and directly opposite the staircase was the apartment where the King passed his days, seated at a table, and among his books and papers might be seen the pictures of the Virgin Mary and St. Francis. Here he wrote letters, or read the French journals, various military, scientific, or historical works, or books of devotion. He invariably rose when receiving any visitor, whatever might be that visitor's station in life, although his extreme bodily weakness often made it a painful effort for him to do so.

Charles Albert had scarcely taken possession of his new abode, when a deputation sent by the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies arrived at Oporto, to present to him the address which had been unanimously voted by them. In this address, while expressing their deep sense of his devotion to the Italian cause, they assured him that his absence from his native country would not cause him to be forgotten. "You will live among us, Sire," it said, "in that Statuto in which you joined our rights to your rights,—in those liberal institutions whose growth you assisted; you will live in our memory and

in that of posterity, the solitary and inimitable example of a king, who, educated in the school of modern times, was at once a citizen and a soldier."

In returning thanks for this address, the King repeated that his reason for abdicating was the hope that the enemy would make more favorable terms with his successor than with himself, and that his people would thus escape some of the consequences of defeat. At the close of his speech he said, that, amidst so many causes of grief, he derived some consolation from the recollection of the valor displayed by both officers and privates during the recent campaign, and from the hope that, as the feeling of nationality and of independence became more general in Italy, that which he had attempted would one day be carried out.

The words of the King were written down by Signor Ratazzi, one of the members of the deputation, who had been a minister and a personal favorite of his, and were read after his return to Turin to the Chamber of Deputies. He added, on that occasion, that the King had also desired him to express his gratitude to the Chamber for its proposal to erect a monument to him, and to say that, in the then state of the country, he must request them to abandon a project which must increase the expenses of an already overburdened country. Signor Ratazzi replied to this, in the name of his fellow-deputies, that the erection of such a monument was but a small proof of the respect and gratitude felt by the country, and that every one would cheerfully bear his part of the expense; but the King seemed to feel so strongly on the subject, that it was dropped by tacit consent. "I have considered it my duty to give you the details of our conversation," such were the concluding words of Signor Ratazzi to the Chamber of Deputies, "because they show how great is the modesty of that unfortunate prince, and also how deep is the love he has borne to us."

A deputation from the Senate soon after presented itself at Oporto. It was composed of two Senators only, Signor Collegno, and Signor Cibrario whose book we have now before us. The address they brought ran thus:—

“SIRE,—

“The Senate of the kingdom owes its existence to the Statuto granted by your Majesty to your people. It has more than once been a witness to the sublime qualities which have rendered your Majesty the object of the people’s love and of public admiration.

“To the desire of enabling other noble provinces of Italy to share that independence which the sub-Alpine nations have enjoyed for centuries, your Majesty devoted your life. The fortune of arms was against you, and your Majesty, unharmed notwithstanding every effort of valor, felt obliged to yield to fortune and renounce the throne.

“Victor Emmanuel, the witness and imitator of your Majesty’s prowess, will continue on the throne the paternal virtues for the happiness of his people; but, in the mean time, the Senate of the kingdom, deeply moved by the separation from your Majesty, has wished to express to you once more solemnly its gratitude for the liberties granted, and its admiration for the incomparable valor displayed in sustaining the honor of our arms and the ancient fame of the nation.

“The Senate hopes that in private life your Majesty will deign to remember the sentiments of which we have the honor to lay before you the sincere and cordial expression.”

To this address the King also replied verbally, and the sound of his voice, tremulous with repressed emotion, together with the aspect of his countenance, pale and worn with bodily and mental suffering, but on which “glory and misfortune had set the seal of greatness,” moved those present to tears.

“The proofs of affection which the Senate has given me are dear to my heart. The nation may have had better princes, but none who loved her more. To make her independent, free, and great; to make her happy, I have used every exertion, I have willingly made every sacrifice. But even sacrifices have bounds which must not be overstepped, and such occur when these are no longer consistent with honor. The moment had come when I must have endured what my soul revolted from. I sought death, but could not find it. I then became aware that there was nothing else for me to do but to lay down the crown. Providence has not permitted that the regeneration of Italy should now be accomplished, but I am confident that it is only deferred, and that so many noble examples, so many proofs of generosity and of valor given to the nation, have not been in vain, but that this passing adversity will be a warning to the people of Italy that to be invincible it is necessary for it to be united.”

The health of Charles Albert had been extremely delicate from the time of his accession to the throne, and he had been heard to say that he should never live to be old. The fatigue of two campaigns, the mental anguish which he endured from the blindness and ingratitude of those who, attacking his character, endeavored to overthrow monarchies in order to establish republics which could not fail to ruin one another, even if Austria had not been at hand to seize upon her helpless and divided prey, and, lastly, the catastrophe of Novara, had given his constitution a fatal blow, and his physicians at Oporto did not hesitate to confess their fears as to the result. The King persevered, however, in his usual austere *régime*, living on rice, eggs, and fish, taking neither tea, coffee, nor chocolate, all of which agitated his nerves; and his appetite soon failed to such a degree that he had no inclination to taste the nourishing delicacies prepared for him by the kindness of some of the inhabitants of Oporto. In such a crisis, the two Senators, although their mission was at an end, determined to remain at Oporto, and directed M. de Lannay, the Sardinian *chargé d'affaires* at Lisbon, to inform the government at Turin of their intention. Nothing in the history of Charles Albert is more striking than the affection and devotion manifested toward him by his former subjects, from the time of his abdication to that of his death, and we cannot but think that the feelings thus displayed are a strong proof that the Italian character possesses a depth and sincerity for which it has not always received credit.

During the month of June, Charles Albert's health continued to fail; his strength was undermined by a slow fever, his cough was often very troublesome, his appetite became worse than before, and at times he suffered severe pain; but he never complained, and his will remained as strong as ever. He continued to rise at his usual hour, and often did the faithful servant who, without the King's knowledge, watched in the adjoining room, hear him leave his bed in the dead hours of the night and repair to the chapel for the purpose of secret and solitary prayer. What a contrast does the life of this unthroned monarch offer to that of Charles V., who in the convent of Yuste was as much absorbed in worldly schemes as he had been before his abdication, and who, be-

sides retaining a large retinue, among whom cooks and confectioners were not forgotten, took with him into his retirement a magnificent wardrobe, luxurious hangings, carpets, and furniture, and was never served but on silver dishes !

In the daily interviews which Signori Colligno and Cibrario had with the King, he spoke much and often of political affairs, constantly repeating that the strength and hope of Italy were in the Sardinian monarchy. But a few years have passed, and already the world has seen that he was right. His son has proved himself the only Italian prince in the Peninsula, and although the faction which produced the disunion and distrust that paralyzed the efforts of Charles Albert for the national regeneration still exists, public opinion everywhere condemns it and its acts. Constitutional liberty, such as Sardinia has enjoyed for the last fifteen years, is sufficient to make Italy prosperous and happy, provided her sons are united, while the doctrines of Mazzini and his followers lead but to anarchy and confusion, and when carried out will always be found to end in reactions similar to those witnessed after the revolutions of 1848.

On the last day of June, a Sardinian steamer arrived at Oporto, having on board the cousin of the king, the Prince of Carignan, to whom he was much attached, and who has since shown his disinterested devotion to the royal house by the missions he has fulfilled in Tuscany and at Naples. This prince was accompanied by Dr. Riberi, the King's physician, and his favorite valet, Bertolino. Aware that every attention which the King's situation required would be shown him by these persons, and having received information that Parliament was about assembling, the two Senators determined to take their departure. They left Oporto on the 2d of July, tarrying several days at Lisbon, to await the English steamer which was to take them to Cadiz, whence they were to embark again for Marseilles and Genoa. They did not reach the latter port till the 28th of July, the very day on which the ill-fated Charles Albert breathed his last.

The day on which they took leave of the King was the last on which he was able to leave his bed. For some time previous it had been extremely difficult for him to stand, and his

strength now failed so much that he was compelled to yield. His situation rapidly became alarming, and he was himself aware of it. He said, smilingly, one day, to Riberi: "If I die now, I shall have been fortunate at least in one thing,—I shall die at the right time. It is the '*felix opportuno exitu*' of Tacitus."

On the 23d of July he insisted that Riberi should tell him candidly if his end was near at hand. Riberi feigned not to have heard the question; but the King, understanding his silence, sent for his confessor, and received the viaticum on the morning of the 28th, in the presence of his household and of the Sardinian *chargé d'affaires*. His confessor, having previously questioned him, according to the usual custom on such occasions, as to the various articles of faith of the Roman Catholic Church, his replies gave evidence of his sincere belief in them. He also asked forgiveness of all whom he had offended, and declared that he freely forgave all who had ever injured him.

On the 28th he seemed to rally; he took some nourishment, was able to read a letter brought him from his virtuous and affectionate wife, and asked for his prayer-book, in which he read for a short time. He then asked his attendants to assist him in turning in his bed; but while they were complying with his request, he was seized with a paralysis, which in a few hours terminated his earthly existence. He retained his consciousness, however; for while his confessor was administering extreme unction, he calmly listened and bowed assent to the prayers which accompany this last sacrament that the Church of Rome administers to the dying Christian.

The news of Charles Albert's death was received with interest throughout the world, and in Italy with tears and lamentations. As time has passed on, and his aims and character have been better understood, the sympathy felt for his misfortunes and the respect for his memory have increased. The people of Lombardy, as soon as they were liberated from the Austrian yoke, hastened to atone for their momentary injustice to him by a grand funeral commemoration in their matchless cathedral at Milan, and the pious pilgrimages to La Superga do not cease. Throughout Italy his name is

now the watchword of all true Italians. "J'attends mon astre," was the motto he adopted, and to which he faithfully adhered until opportunity enabled him to grant to his subjects the constitution which he believed to be the surest guaranty of their welfare, and to draw his sword in the defence of the national independence. Sublimely patient during long years of secret suffering, heroically brave in the hour of need, and a martyr to the cause of which he was the most illustrious representative, his name will live imperishably in the annals of modern Italy.

ART. II. — *Commentaries on American Law*. By JAMES KENT. Tenth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 4 vols. 8vo.

WE do not propose to make a special review of the Commentaries of Chancellor Kent; but we use them simply as a representative of the innumerable text-books on the English Law. These may all be separated into two classes; — the first including the reports and unpretending digests of cases; the latter books written with the more ambitious design of reducing the law to general principles. The former furnish a complete, satisfactory, and tolerably well-digested history of particular cases, and therefore fully effect their legitimate object. But the latter, being composed by men altogether ignorant of the fundamental principles of the method upon which they should have proceeded, entirely fail of their aim; for their professed design, the reduction of the law to general principles, belonging entirely to the province of philosophy, has fallen altogether into the hands of practising lawyers. Hence it happens that (except for the use of students, whose misfortune it is that they have to rely on text-books, good or bad) law-books of the latter class are utterly untrustworthy. For this opinion we avouch the tacit authority of the more intelligent of the lawyers themselves, who regard the reports as the only genuine fountains of the law, and use the text-books merely as